Clad in the skin of beasts

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Clad in the skin of beasts

by Nalyra

Summary

(Kinda) Missing scene from Naka-Choko. After Randall Tiers death Will kept the beast suit... and when Hannibal throws a Halloween party he decides to wear it.

(Not crack!)

((Because this was an issue before: draft on 10/22, actually published on 10/28th:P))

Notes

I always wondered why Will would display Randall Tiers beast suit so prominently in his shed... it would make perfect sense for him to use it to get under Hannibals skin imho. One way or the other.^^

See the end of the work for more notes

It is a bad idea.

Simply and obviously.

Very bad.

And yet.

Yet Will finds himself at Hannibals door, the pumpkins framing it cut into delicately, the portrayed faces vaguely disturbing, nothing remotely funny about them. He turns towards the street for a moment, watching the kids hurry by, not one of them turning towards the door, their gauge for danger having them scurry by fast, hushed whispers and fingers pointing. Will smiles grimly, fidgeting, deliberating even now, his fingers tracing the soiled leather coat hanging from the pneumatic contraption covering his throat, the cave bears teeth bloodied, still, Wills face painted black and clad in shadows within anyway.

He knows Hannibal will recognize it, of course, but the other guests will not… probably, his appearance completed with a leather motorcycle outfit in dark brown, hands painted black as well. He slowly shifts his weight once more, thinking back to the fury and… viciousness he felt when he found the cream colored envelope in the mail, ‚Hannibal Lecter requesting your presence for a Halloween party‘. The raging feelings have settled by now, leaving a slow simmer, still, Randall Tiers attack and subsequent honoring still so fresh between them.

The hook that Will has cast.

He swallows, wondering for an instant what exactly he cast as bait, his hands tickling with the memory of hands, binding his wounds, reverently, worshipful. Will draws a deep breath, resolute suddenly to intensify the lure, no matter the cost, and he raises his injured knuckles and knocks on the door, foregoing the bell.

He can hear the party from where he is standing, shadows moving around in the glow of the living room, obscuring his vision of the room from outside.
The door opens, silently and he turns towards the sudden light that falls upon him, the beasts teeth flashing in delight.

Will swallows and nods slightly, careful not to dislodge the skull, and he steps past Hannibal, entering the foyer. He feels Hannibal step up to him, grave and splendid in a black tuxedo, and then around him, the weight of Hannibals gaze a leaden weight, taking in his whole form, unrelenting and unashamed. Will waits, eyes closed until Hannibal steps into his field of vision again, obscured as it is with teeth. He opens his eyes again and locks them to Hannibals, Hannibals expression one of delighted wonder, bordering on… Will shies away from the thought, stomping hard on it, snapping his attention back to Hannibal when he speaks, a soft smile transforming his whole face.

„The victor wears the spoils of war, proudly though only in jest… of course. I am delighted to have you here.“

Hannibal hums, still looking at him, head slightly tilted to look through the skull at Will. He holds up a hand for a moment, stepping back and Will waits, feeling increasingly stupid.

He starts when he feels something brush his hand, almost relieved when Hannibal steps back into his field of vision, a tumbler of whiskey, double, no ice in his hand. With a fucking black and orange striped straw. Will snorts, involuntary, starting to object but Hannibal interjects by stepping near and matter of factly reaching into the contraption, obviously knowing how to, pushing the glass through the small space at the back of the jaw and adjusting the straw to push it between the pneumatic tubes in the back, right at Wills mouth.

He lifts Wills right hand with his left, caressing the still raw knuckles for a moment before he places it carefully under the skulls jaw so Will can just hold the tumbler on his own before stepping back, smirking. Hannibals eyes twinkle, an almost hungry delight spreading across his expression, when he whispers.

„Now, we wouldn’t want you to have to take this delightful… mask off, do we now. Please, come.“

With that he bows slightly and Will huffs what could almost be a laugh, taking a fortifying sip of the very old and by all probability very expensive scotch, turning towards the double doors slowly. He can feel Hannibals presence close to his right side, like a torch, burning his soul. Hannibal raises his left hand, and Will can feel him dragging it down over his back, along his spine. Will freezes on the spot, waiting, not daring to seize up, feels how Hannibal slips his hand beneath the jackets hem, his hand a burning furnace against the small of Wills back, the flimsy cloth of his t-shirt doing nothing to ease the feeling. Hannibal leans closer, his voice a soft purr next to Wills ear.

„Enjoy the party, Will. I definitely will.“

Will swallows and then steps forward, dislodging the hand from his back, hearing Hannibal chuckle. He forces himself to keep going, his right hand clutching the glass, a hush falling over the room when he steps into it. There are quite a few bewildered expressions, not exactly frightened but close to it, irritated by his truly horrific costume, not reflecting any of their gaudy frivolity.

He keeps walking until his knees hit an armchair, sinking down on it gladly but stiffly, his hands shaking, the slow murmur of voices starting up again after a few minutes and Will settles more comfortably, crossing his legs, his right elbow pushed onto the armrest.

He lets his gaze wander after a while, the skull turning back and forth slightly, grimly amused by how people try to nonchalantly try to get out of his direct field of vision, acting embarrassed at getting caught staring when he turns unexpectedly. And all the while, that gaze lands on him, regularly, felt like an electric jolt, inexplicable and massive, grounding him.

There is mostly so called high society here, though some of the FBI as well, of the… managing division. ‚Pencil lickers' Wills mind supplies unhelpfully and he snorts, taking another sip of the superb whiskey, the light buzz hitting him, warmth spreading.

He watches, wryly and surprisingly uncaring as dish after dish of fabulous looking food is brought in, praised and cooed over and eventually devoured by the crowd, the bacon wrapped fried pumpkin pieces apparently to die for. Will snorts again as he catches that phrase from one of the guests, his mind supplying the bacon with a name, the body found a few weeks prior down at the harbor, in the midst of a batch of pork bacon, the victims mouth adorned with an apple, a leg missing. Must've been some pig. He lightly swirls the whiskey in the tumbler, worrying about his own lack of worry. He sighs and then takes another deep sip, his glass almost empty. He deliberates for a moment and then drinks it up, carefully extricating the glass and putting it onto a small table next to him.

When he pushes himself up, he swoons for a moment, the room spinning. ‚Not such a good idea after all to not eat beforehand' flits through his brain, though he knows that his nervousness wouldn't have been able to take it. He turns and walks towards the hall, the crowd parting before him and he locks himself in the bathroom with a sigh, holding himself up with both hands on the basin, taking grounding breaths. The dead eyes stare back at him when he raises his head, the skull grinning eternally, teeth stained in dull blackish red. The soft knock on the door has him scrambling backwards, unsure if he should break his cover to answer or not, Hannibals muted voice taking the decision from him.

„Please open the door, Will."

He rolls his shoulders and opens the door, Hannibal staring at him with barely concealed hunger, lips twisting in an almost smile, reaching out towards Will with his left hand. Will hesitates for a long moment, silent, before he offers his own right and Hannibal tugs, turning towards the stairs. There are whispered chuckles and none too discreetly mumblings, people watching more or less openly as Hannibal almost drags him up the stairs, leaving all his other guests behind.

Hannibal softly squeezes his hand before he drops it and then guides Will by the touch to his elbow, steering him towards his own bedroom, a scorching presence at Wills back, turning him around and pressing him gently into one of the armchairs there, facing the mirror. Wills hands squeeze into fists, trying to control his breathing and all the blood that colors his face, knowing of course what all the guests are thinking now. What Hannibal rather happily insinuated apparently. What he himself accepts as part of the lure apparently. Will inhales a shaking breath, closing his eyes against the thought, snapping open again when Hannibal puts a hand to his knee, squeezes softly, once.

„Am I correct that you did not eat at all today, Will? Please, let me."

Will swallows, Hannibals hand on his knees burning. His voice is gruff, when he answers, though so low it is almost inaudible, his hands coming up to the contraption on his head.

„Of course… help me take it off."

Hannibal chuckles, stilling his hands with his own and holding them until Will stills as well, waiting. Hannibals voice has a cruel and yet dreamy quality to it, face moving back into Wills field of vision.

„No. Tonight…. tonight the beast must be fed.“

He squeezes Wills hands once more, the next word a soft command.

„Wait.“

Will licks his lips, jaw working. He focuses on the soft steps of Hannibal leaving, his gait controlled power, the predator hidden only perfunctory, especially tonight. For a split moment Will wonders how Hannibal would look like with his power unleashed, displayed to the full and then shies away from that thought as well, parts of him desperate to witness this, others… He lets himself fall backwards slightly, the mirror coming into his field of vision, the image within a dream of cobalt blue and cream, looking way too comfortable. He wonders how it would feel, how it had felt for Alana.

„Do you wish to lay down?“

Will starts, pulling himself back up in the armchair, feeling his ears heat up again, irrationally glad that Hannibal cannot see his embarrassment. Though he can probably smell it, dammit. He sighs and licks his lips again, shaking his head silently. Hannibal puts the plate onto the small table next to Will and then pulls the other armchair over and sits down next to Will, moving in and out of his field of vision. Will feels too hot suddenly, nervous, latching onto the first thought that comes to mind to deflect.

„Where is Alana?“

Hannibal stops, clicking his tongue, voice amused.

„She was none too happy with our shared dinner so she decided she would stay at home tonight. Apparently, our ‚we know where we are with each other‘ is, and I quote, ‚a load of bullshit‘.“

Will snorts, a short cackled laugh forcing itself out, ending in a trembling sigh. He sees Hannibals left eye crinkle, and then Hannibals right hand moves up into the mask, right on Wills neck, softly gripping, kicking up Wills heartbeat. Will tells himself that it is because he knows Hannibal could snap his neck just like that, but there is this small voice in his head, whispering ‚liar, liar‘. If Hannibal notices he gives no sign, face averted and facing the small table just beyond Wills field of vision.

„Dates and pumpkin wrapped in fried bacon, as well as self baked bread with jalapeños. Will you do me the honor to eat with me?“

Wills throat is dry, wrapping the question in a futile attempt at humor, already knowing.

„The pumpkin is people, isn’t it?“

Hannibal chuckles, touching the tip of his tongue to his teeth for a moment. He picks up one of the wrapped pieces of pumpkin, twisting it around for Will to see. It looks delicious and Will is dimly aware he should be more revolted by this. Hannibals grip on his neck intensifies by a fraction and then Hannibal carefully pushes the piece under and in between the jaws, holding it to Wills lips, his voice breathless.

„Not the pumpkin per se, no."

And Will exhales shakingly, hands on the armrests clenching tightly, and Hannibal presses the piece of pumpkin forward, and Will, Will opens his mouth to it, lets Hannibal push it in, feels the fingers trace his lip for an instant when he withdraws them. Something like a moan steals itself out of Will before he closes his mouth with an audible click, his eyes falling shut at the explosion of taste, nutmeg and chili offsetting the hokkaido pumpkin beautifully with the fried bacon.
Hannibals thumb on his neck strokes softly and he hums, waiting for Will to finish chewing before he reaches for another one, a date this time.

It is beyond intimate, this feeding, and Will is feverishly grateful that his pants are so tight, his body way too receptive to the soft touches. He loses track of the amount of time they do this or the actual times that Hannibal feeds him, losing himself in the situation.
At some point Hannibal rests his fingers on Wills lips, feeling him chew and then swallow, eyes lowered, and Will realizes that he must have eaten it all, and then Hannibals eyes raise to his, blackish red in the low light, framed by fangs, face as open as Will has ever seen it. The fingers on his lips twitch and Wills lips shake, and then Hannibal pushes down a bit and Wills mouth drops open with the pressure and he sees Hannibals pupils dilate, expression openly hungry now.
And then… there is a knock on the door, and a very drunk and very fat man in a gaudy gorilla costume looks in, calling out happily, voice slurred.

„Ah, there you are, Dr. Lecter. Seems like I owe Martha 50 bucks, she said you would tend to the nice ass in the leather suit. Though we both thought you'd have gotten further by now…"

The man giggles and Will can literally see the tableau taking shape in Hannibals eyes, still locked on his own, and he exhales, before he snarls, knowing Hannibal can feel the motion. His words are muffled against Hannibals fingers, but heartfelt.

„No apple in the mouth, this time, please…"

It's an acknowledgement and yet no repudiation, reluctant acceptance offered for what they both know will happen, a gift for this, the moment they shared, the net pulling ever tighter.

Hannibal stills for a moment, before the mask assembles itself, and he stands up, both hands dropping from Wills body, their absence cruel and burning in their own right. Hannibal steps towards the door, his voice betraying exactly nothing.

„Ah Sebastian, I am sorry to disappoint. Please return to the party, I will be with you shortly."

The man snorts and then turns, stumbling towards the stairs, and Will feels caught in limbo, knowing he has to go and not wishing to do so for some reason he cannot quite name, caught

in the weird atmosphere they conjured between them. He swallows and then pushes himself up, drawing himself up to full height, the beast he portrays bloodied and sharp in the mirror image, the beast that catered to his needs like a shadow in the back of it, waiting, always waiting.

He forces himself to step forward with measured steps, past Hannibal and down the hall towards the stairs, hesitating there for a moment, turning back slightly, the skulls teeth casting long shadows towards Hannibal. Will nods once, carefully as to not dislodge his… costume, and then descends, step by step, like a beast from the crypt, the milling nosy crowd once more parting before him, whispering.

The man, Sebastian, walks up to him when he turns to the front door, alcohol induced courage making him bold, hand taking hold of Wills arm, his other slowly extending towards the skulls teeth.

„Sorry to have disturbed your little tete-a-tete up there, buddy. Just wanted to know, if these are real teeth, you know?“

Will turns to him, his own teeth gritted and then his left hand travels up to his pocket, where he put the remote for the pneumatic engine and for once there is no doubt in his mind at all when he presses the button, the teeth snapping together just millimeters from the mans hand, no mistaking the vicious brutality of the snap and Sebastian falls back with a small cry, crashing into the small decorative table in the middle of the room, glass shattering, the other guests scattering with sharp exclamations and a few screams, their senses rightfully informing them that -this- is not a joke. At all.

After a moment, silence falls, the guests all waiting breathlessly, but it is Hannibal who answers Sebastians question, still at the top of the stairs, voice calm, the underlying current of pride and intense elation making Wills spine tingle.

„Yes. They are.“

Hannibal steps down the stairs calmly and slowly, all eyes except Wills on him, who doesn’t need to see Hannibal in order to… know. Hannibal steps closer and then around, pulling the door open for Will, the frigid air cooling some of the rage that Will still feels, though he refuses to visit the source. Hannibal steps into his field of vision once more, eyes literally sparkling, voice dark and dangerous.

„One would do well to recognize the true beasts moving among our midsts, I believe. Especially on all hallows eve, when we all wear masks….“

Will locks eyes with him, and Hannibal smirks and then steps to the side and Will walks out, feeling weirdly out of body, his lips and neck tingling. He stops, but does not turn back when Hannibal speaks once more, words so low they only carry to him.

„Happy Halloween, Will. Thank you for this beautiful interlude and your… second skin. Though I am afraid it did not serve as a successful means to… dispel the evil spirit.“

Will swallows and then leaves the house, daring to stop only when he reaches his car, throwing the pneumatic contraption into the trunk, heavily leaning onto his car in the freezing night, after.

No, he amends quietly to himself when he can finally breathe calmly again, it did not dispel the evil spirit.

But it snared him even tighter.

End Notes

Kudos and comments feed my muse! :) - please feed me!^^

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